

# One's 4 Da Money

Shyheim

(a.k.a, a.k.a, the rugged child)  
Microphone check, one-two, one-two, yo  
Microphone check, one-two, one-two, yo  
Microphone check, one-two, one-two, yo  
Microphone check, one-two,  
chorus (2x)  
One's for the money  
two's for the show  
three's for ya hooker  
but we all say, HOE!  
My slang and my gang bows up the concrete  
Like everybeing rocking  
Don't sweat the technics  
So you got beef  
Narrow sony go get ya posse  
Cause I've got a mosse, when you wear haratchies  
Then you hear me kicking as I own you, it's mad ruggie  
The jump on my tip, but I taught nuff to naw it  
Cause I let the microphone spark right after dark  
And be dropping mad skillz like my name was Pad Mark  
The rebel to society  
Everyone's trying me  
Loking at me strange leave dim raid it'll mase me  
Had I did something wrong go and my dumb  
Brothers keep stressing, no shorties the one  
To make it real snappy, and little nasty-nasty  
Things get pawsie-pawsie  
And of to be hax me  
It'll little gone and still can hold you on, on  
Microphone so keep licking on that wish bone  
You had you're chans but you feld out on tune,  
So you're hanging out with deuce, now you say that rock rues  
You make me laugh as you're mom's get smoke  
You get ain't like a taffy, and red like the chokes  
Flow with the flow from the Wu-tang free-style  
You catch yo bow-bow, And they're two's this wild, child  
From the Staten the Island, the temple  
just an example how pop goes the pistole  
chorus (2x)  
One's for the money  
two's for the show  
three's for ya hooker  
but we all say, HOE!  
Here comes the shortie with the tec twenty two  
but If you tell I'm gonna blast you  
From the projects worst ghetto section  
So my back but gun from protection  
Shortie do-wa, more shoops and tupa'  
Come and do with the Wu-tang hip-hop  
Shortie wa-wa, shorts sniki sha-sha  
Go-go, ga-ga, now you want me popa  
I'm not a mack daddy or my daddy mack  
Touch my napsack, boy you gettin' pitch smack  
I've got a style may not be formilliar  
It's like both way you're callin' round in a cosha  
Who will be the next to flex and face death  
ashes to ashes, and only dust is left

chorus (2x)

One's for the money

two's for the show

three's for ya hooker

but we all say, HOE!